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The People's Press.

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Poetry.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

BY VINNIE VERNON.

We do not know how far it lies,
Beneath what bending saplings' skies,
Through what unmeasured depths of space
May be that mystic, heavenly place,
But to our lips these words arise:
"We're on our way to Paradise!"

Oh, land beyond our fading sight!
Oh, realm, which ne'er had known the night,
Oh, rest of heart and peace of soul!
Into our trembling lives doth roll
The thought of all that grand surprise
Awaiting us in Paradise.

The sorrow-strain is growing less,
The spirit gathers hopefulness;
The hands unloose from idols dear,
The cupped eyes grow wide and clear,
And now at last the heart grows wise—
While yet it sighs for Paradise.

The glimpse of far-off hopeless years;
With twilight gleams of stars through tea,
Recalls a foregone life again,
With shock of deepest doubt and pain,
As from this spirit level's rise
We think, "Not far from Paradise!"

Not far! ah no! A prophecy
Floats on the air of what shall be!
The incense, music, tint and gleam,
Float o'er the walls, bring in their dream,
Flood through the veins, bring up the eyes,
Till souls cry out, "Bliss Paradise!"

And sometime, when we earnestly guess
Shall rise the joy-fraught day to bless
Our life, with fuller, richer peace,
Than all our love's or toil's increase,
Then with a sudden, sweet surprise,
We'll open our eyes on Paradise.

Select Miscellany.

SHAWNEE TOM.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Nat, did you ever have mercy on an Indian?"

"This question was addressed to a noble specimen of the frontiersman one August evening on the banks of the Licking, long ago.

"Once," answered the pioneer proudly, though, perhaps, he thought of the life of vengeance he had lived for fifteen years. "I pitied a redskin once, and saved his life. I'll tell you how it was. One day night upon fourteen years ago, I was tramping down Yadin creek, and what do you think I ran across? Just on the far side of a log I had stepped on, a young Indian was gramin' his life out. He was about fifteen years old, and a pretty little chap; but when he saw me he gritted his teeth and said—

"Pale face shoot Indian; pale face get pay for it some day."

I admired the boy's grit, and looked at his wound. Sure enough, some person had shot him in the side, and I thought him a bad subject. But I dressed his hurt as well as I could, and followed his trail back to where he said he had dropped his gun, which I brought to him. Then I made him a bed of leaves, shared my venison and left him alone. He said on parting: "Indian never forget pale face." I couldn't kill that boy, though I had sworn not to spare anybody with a redskin, for the scarlet devils killed Mary and John on the flat boat, you know, boys, and made Nat Garrett a devil."

"What became of the Indian?" asked one of the pioneer's auditors.

"I don't know. I got around that way two days afterward; but couldn't see him. The bed of leaves was there, and a slight trail that led toward the creek was visible. I did not follow it; but hurried on. Boys, that was the only Indian I ever took pity on. I guess his years saved him, for he did look so innocent-like that I couldn't lift my hand against him. Mebbe I'll get credit for that where they keep the accounts of our lives; but I don't know. They killed Mary and John fifteen years ago, and since that time I have spared but one Indian—but one. Just think of it, boys; and Heaven knows how many I have killed!"

Nathan Garrett was, beyond doubt, the greatest avenger that ever crossed the Ohio. Fifteen years prior to the date of our story, a flat boat crowded with Virginians, seeking homes among the infant settlements of Kentucky, fell into the hands of the Indians, and its passengers, without a single exception, were massacred. Men, women and children felt alike, the merciless tomahawk.

The family of Nathan—or Nat Garrett was among the ill-fated emigrants, and several miles below the bloody spot the husband and father waited for his own. He had not seen them for two years, and the reader can imagine with what anxiety and emotion he waited. At last the flat boat came in sight, drifting down the stream, stem foremost, and no person visible on deck.

Then the dreadful state of affairs rushed over the pioneer, and flinging himself into the river, he swam away and boarded the craft. Blood in the cabin, blood on the deck, blood—the blood of innocent women and children—everywhere. He read in the mark of massacre the fate of his family, and ere long he stood on the fatal spot. His worst fears were there confirmed. He found the scalped remains of his loved ones, and on the banks of the majestic river hurried then.

The oath of vengeance that he took over their graves must have frightened the listening birds of night, so terrible it was. No longer was he the pleasant, singing Nat Garrett, of

Harrodsburg; on the contrary he was a moody man, who talked but little and then of vengeance. Hundreds of silvery hairs gathered on his head, and from the head waters of the Licking to those of the Scioto, he roamed the insatiate demon of vengeance, and the protector of the settlements.

For fifteen years he had followed the trail of death, and during that time had spared but one Indian's life, as the reader has heard him say. Perhaps the little warrior's eyes reminded the father of his boy's blue orbs, and stayed his hand. To Garrett, pity for a red man was a total stranger.

But let us return to the group on the banks of the Licking that autumn day, already referred to.

"I must be going," Nat Garrett said suddenly. "We've been talking too long."

"Are you going alone, Nat?" asked one of the settlers.

"Yes. If I can't circumvent the Indians, and bring Jennie back, then may the wolves outrun me and tear me up. I know where she is, and I'm going straight to her."

"I would like to go with you."

The speaker, whose words were couched in a pleading tone, was a youth of about one-and-twenty, and the pioneer suddenly turned upon him.

"You stay here!" he said, sternly. "You don't follow Nat Garrett one step—not one, I tell you. I will get the girl, and she'll be your wife yet, if you'll just stay here with the boys. I don't want anybody with me. I won't have 'em along."

The youth, abashed, blushed scarlet, and the avenger looked him.

"Mebbe I'll meet Shawnee Tom," he said, and his dark eyes flashed fire. "I want to get my fingers on that red dog's throat. He is an Indian who don't know what mercy is; he never did a good deed in all his life, and I want to meet him. God knows how many boats he's deceived ashore, and how many women and children he has treated to the tomahawk. Boys, Tom and Nat Garrett are going to meet before many days. I feel it in my moosehins, and I'll sooner meet with that devil than own all the country this river waters."

The pioneer spoke with emphasis, and a few minutes later, entirely alone, he was rowing a light canoe through the gathering shadows that brood over the Licking.

He was on an errand of mercy. A few days prior to his present voyage, a beautiful maiden named Jennie Martin had been captured by a band of prowling Indians, near a frontier station and carried away. The miscreants, knowing that pursuit would surely follow, had effectually concealed their trail, and the hunters were obliged to return chagrined to the fort.

At this stage of affairs Garrett made his appearance, and at once decided that he would rescue the girl and bring her back to the fort before the day set apart for her marriage to a youthful pioneer of good family. The rescue of Jennie Martin then was the avenger's errand.

He yearned, too, to encounter the most implacable foe that the whites of Kentucky had ever known—an Indian nicknamed by the renegades who sometimes accompanied him on his errands of butchery, Shawnee Tom. He had for years successfully eluded the bullets of the settlers, to whom he had proved a destroying *ignis fatuus*. His movements were as quick and deadly as the lightning stroke; during six days of darkness he had been known to strike two posts, fifteen miles apart. He was described as a man thirty years of age, tall and remarkably handsome, in brief, a red Apollo Belvidere, and fiend incarnate.

This was the destroyer whom the pioneer longed to meet—the man he had trailed through trackless forests, and sought among the very lodges of his people, dwelling on the banks of the Scioto, in Ohio.

From the Licking the avenger rowed into the broader Ohio, up whose majestic bosom he sent his light craft. Night soon overtook him, and when he sent his canoe to the bank it was for the purpose of devouring some venison, and deciding certain plans that filled his mind.

It was certain that his voyage up the river was ended; for he sunk his boat, and an hour later was plunging through the funeral recesses of the forest. His step now and then broke the stillness of the night, and bore him further and further from the river. He knew the exact location of the village where he expected to find the captive girl, for he had visited it before. It was situated near the head of the Scioto's largest tributary, and contained several hundred savages.

The light of day gradually broke over the earth, and suddenly the avenger was startled by the sharp crack of a rifle.

The ball struck his gun and dashed it from his hand, and a dark figure sprang upon him and hurled him to the ground.

A moment later several other Indians joined the victor, and submitting with the best grace he could command, Nathan Garrett became their prisoner.

While the Indians rejoiced over their success they offered no rudeness to the daring white, who was soon hurried forward to the village—his original destination.

"Brave man!" said one of the captors patting Garrett familiarly on the back. "Venango wants to see him in the village."

Despite his composure the pioneer started and his eye flashed, for he knew that Venango was Shawnee Tom's Indian name.

At last he was to meet the fiend face to face, but in his stronghold, with his braves about him, and well armed.

About noon the pioneer entered the Indian village as a captive, and the strongest lodge therein immediately received him. It was strongly guarded, and he passed the remainder of the day brooding over plans for the future.

Another night wore wearily away, and the second day of his captivity drew to a close before a savage addressed him with a word. Then the curtains of the prison lodge were parted, and the pioneer commanded to step forth. Obeying with alacrity, he found himself surrounded by at least a score of savages who appeared in jovial mood as they conducted him to the southern confines of the Indian town. Just beyond the last wigwam Garrett encountered the entire population of the village, and the hoots of women and children told him that they had

assembled to witness his doom. He knew the customs of the savages, and their demonstrations could not be mistaken.

The golden rays of the declining sun fell upon this strange scene, and all around the aureate leaves of Autumn were dropping mournfully from the trees. The brilliant orb of day would soon sink behind the western hills, and then, perhaps, in the glare of the torture, the Kentucky avenger would die. I ween he never thought of this, for his wandering eye seemed to be hunting for some particular person in the motley crowd or among the braves.

All at once a shout, uttered simultaneously by fifty pairs of lips, caused the settler to turn his eyes to the right, and the next moment they fell upon the man he longed to see—Shawnee Tom.

The handsome Indian, in the prime of unfettered manhood, approached with the tread of a king, and when his eyes encountered the prisoner he suddenly paused. But only for a moment, when he advanced again and addressed a sab-chief, who stood apart from the braves. After a minute's conversation between the two Indians, the under chief moved off, but soon returned, bearing an arm load of glistening coon skulls.

The sight of the hideous craniums was the signal for a shout from the spectators, and a pioneer's derisive smile.

He evidently knew what was coming; but he ceased to smile when he saw what long shadows the sun was throwing. To him Shawnee Tom did not deign to address a single word, and Garrett was led from the crowd and stood against a small tree one hundred yards away. Then a strong rope of sinews was passed across his throat and tied securely to the sapling behind him. His hands were bound loosely to his side, while strange to say, his feet were not tied at all.

But the cruel rope, almost choking him, held him firmly to the tree, and escape not only seemed, but was an impossibility.

The least movement of his head caused his throat intense pain; and more than once during the operation that secured him to the tree, he gasped spasmodically for breath.

"Mebbe Indians miss coon heads," said one of the savages, tauntingly. "Sun goin' down, night pretty close. Venango say while 'go dirt in his eye, an' he no shoot good. But he may shoot, an' with a devilish smile, 'he may shoot too near ground.'"

Before the Indians drew back from the tree, they placed a shining coon skull on the pioneer's head, and the young warrior having the other skulls in charge, took his station a few feet from the living target.

This practice of shooting coon skulls from the heads of captives prevailed for many years among the Shawnees of Ohio, and many a time some vengeful or drunken Indian shot, as Garrett was informed, "too near the ground."

The savage was a good marksman, and could scrape the captive's head or perforate the noon skull at his will. The scraping of the skull was called "hair shooting," and the brave who could successfully accomplish it was a man of note in the tribe.

The chances for escape were against the brave pioneer, for long shadows were falling between him and the Indians. He thought of his, perhaps, fatal tramp from the Kentucky settlements, of Jennie Martin, the captive, of the probable speedy termination of his life of vengeance.

The crack of the first rifle and the shivering of the coon skull was a relief to the pioneer and in audile tones he applauded the shot.

The skull was replaced by another, and the second shot was a "skull scraper." It carried away a tuft of the settler's hair and moistened the scalp with blood. Again and again the coon heads were shaved, and Garrett had addressed himself in this strain several times:

"Why doesn't Tom shoot? I know he's going to put an end to this matter, and I want him to do it. Why doesn't the red devil take his rifle and bore the head of the worst enemy his race ever had? I wish he would—I swan I do!"

Several times had bullets scraped the pioneer's scalp, and once or twice the red fiends had drawn blood on his cheeks. It was a terrible torture when life depended on the eye of an enemy.

At length the end seemed reached, for Shawnee Tom stepped to the marksman's ground, and with great deliberation raised his rifle.

"The devil! he won't hit the head for the world," ejaculated Garrett. "It's too dark certainly too dark, and the darkness is what Tom has been waiting for."

The seconds that followed the lifting of the Shawnee's rifle seemed minutes to the man at the bullet-scarred tree.

He looked steadily at the Indian, calmly into the muzzle of his rifle.

A bullet in the brain was an exception. Could he hope for anything else from Shawnee Tom?

The crack of the chief's rifle startled every listener, and the captive was seen to dart from the tree!

Strange to say, the bullet had severed the sinews that held his neck against the tree and set him at liberty.

Thrown forward by his sudden release the pioneer managed to keep his feet, and a moment later the Indian with the coon skulls sprang at him.

Garrett saw his danger, for the brave had raised his rifle, and mustering all his strength he freed his hands.

Then he darted at his antagonist, and like two mad buffaloes the train came together.

The settler being the most powerful of the combatants, the Indian yielded; his rifle was torn from his grasp, and a moment later, a Shawnee's brains glistened on the Autumn leaves.

The pioneer then turned for his life, and ran like a deer through the forest.

Noted for fleetness and endurance, he outstripped his pursuers, and after a long run, veered to the right, and trotted toward an admirable spot of concealment not far from the village. He was determined not to leave the country without Jennie Martin, and without fear, for such men as Nathan Garrett never feared—he marched straight toward the lion's jaws again.

The rising moon showed him the forest paths and ere long he stood in an old salt lick—a place that had afforded him shelter before.

"The old place is unchanged," he said, surveying the situation of the bushes and fallen trees. "If I had Jennie here, I'd break for the Ohio, and come back some other time for Tom's benefit."

The last word still quivered on his lips, when a slight noise startled him, and, to his utmost surprise, his name was called in a low tone.

He turned like a man struck in the side with an arrow, and lo! before him stood the girl he sought—Jennie Martin!

"Jennie—Jennie Martin, in the name of Heaven, how came you here?" cried the pioneer.

"He brought me thither," she said, looking beyond the astonished man.

"Who, Jennie?"

"Look there, Nat!"

Before he could turn his head, a hand touched his shoulder, and the voice of Shawnee Tom fell upon his ears.

"Tom bring white girl to lick," he said. "Not the pale faced shaver listen. Many, many winters ago, when white man was stronger than he is now, he found a little Indian brave shot in the woods. He dressed the wound made by pale face's rifle, and made the boy a bed of leaves. He gave the boy something to eat. Pale face, that boy is here!" and the chief smote his breast.

"He is Shawnee Tom—he saved his life in the forest. Before the sun went down he brought the pale face girl here, for he knew that the shaver would hide in the lick after his run. Shawnee Tom is the shaver's foe after to-night, for he has paid him for saving his life. Now, let the pale faces go back to their strong wigwams, and say, if they dare, that Venango's heart is all right. He told the shaver, when he found him behind the tree, that he would never forget him! Ha! Tom never forgets!"

As he finished, he folded his arms, and looked into the pioneer's face.

"I'm much obliged to you," said Garrett. "I guess we're even now. I helped you once, and you helped me. Tom, I didn't think you'd do this—I swan I didn't. Yes, we'll go to Kentucky, but when I come again I'll look out."

The settler led the girl away leaving the Indian alone in the lick.

"It was all Shawnee Tom's work," said Jennie. "He has made love to me twenty times a day during my captivity, and he talked to me like a man, too."

Garrett guided his beautiful charge safely through the forest, and one night at the frontier station she wedded her youthful lover.

Quite early on the morning after the wedding, Shawnee Tom's body was found in the forest, near the fort. The chief was clad in all the paraphernalia of savage rank, and his feather-decorated head had remained unscathed. His rifle rested against a tree, and in his right hand was tightly clenched a bloody knife.

They all said—and I believe, truly—that it was his own hand, and for the love of a white woman, had fallen Shawnee Tom, the red desperado of the wilderness.

The Christians and the Jews.

At a prayer-meeting in Raleigh, week before last, at the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Burwell, of Peace Institute, spoke of the Jewish race in the kindest and most complimentary terms. He mentioned that in his many years' experience of school life he had taught the daughters of Jews and he always found them exemplars of the most polite and careful home training; he had never seen a Jewish girl exclaiming that she was a perfect little lady. He said that he had often heard that a Jew could not be found in a penitentiary; he knew there were five hundred persons in our own penitentiary and there wasn't a Jew among them. It was a singular fact that there were as many Jews upon the earth now as lived in the time of David.

Mr. Mangum said he felt very warm toward the Jews, that once when stationed in Greensboro he walked to his church in company with a Jew and they conversed upon their different religions, and before they got to the gate he felt there was a blending of hearts between them and they both felt they were children of the same Father.

We add to these reverend gentlemen that we not only never heard of a Jew in a prison house but we never heard of one being hung, never saw one a beggar, nor heard of their daughters disgracing them, and that statisticians declare a marked difference between Jews and Christians as to longevity, fifty of one hundred Christians die before the age of 57, and with the Jews the same proportion reaches beyond 67.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

PACIFIC MAIL REVELATIONS.—Further investigation proves that the case is even worse than was at first supposed, and that the number of members of Congress who had the suspicious \$1,000 notes just after the passage of the bill was a score or more.

The manner in which the money was distributed was very simple, and was supposed, perfectly safe. The thousand dollar note was placed in an envelope and sent to the member of Congress without any accompanying communication.

This enabled the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to swear that he never paid any member of Congress any money to vote for the bill, and the recipient to swear that he never received any money from the company or any of its agents.

The corn crop of the United States for 1874 is reported by the Agricultural Department at slightly more than 800,000,000 bushels. This is a reduction of 120,000,000 bushels from the corn crop of 1873, which was itself "not a good year for corn." Two crops having thus been below the average, it is to be hoped that the corn crop of 1875 may be a good one.

Jas. D. Hughes, an Internal Revenue Collector of Salisbury, was shot and severely wounded in the arm while attempting to enter a Gaston county distillery on Friday last.

Durham, with a population of nearly 2,000 souls, is without a resident lawyer.

A Remarkable Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

This story is told by the Gaudaloupe (Texas) Times:

One of the most fiend-like—no, it were a slander to say that Satan would do such a work—acts were perpetrated on Monday night, the 26th ult., in the Cottonwood neighborhood. A camp-meeting was progressing at the Cottonwood school house, four miles south of Sequin. On this night Mr. Job Drennan, his wife, daughter and child of ten years, on returning home from the meeting, were shot by wayside assassins. Drennan was killed, his daughter, riding behind him on the same horse, received five wounds, and Mrs. Drennan received one severe wound. The daughter alone saw a man crouched down in the fence corner.

Next morning Judge Moore held an inquest on the body of Mr. Drennan. Among the evidence a piece of gun wadding was found, but partially burned. On opening it, it proved to be a piece of a German newspaper. Boot tracks were found and followed, leading directly to the homes of old man Kunda and his son Fred. These houses were already strongly guarded by citizens, whose suspicions fell there, waiting for the officers' arrival. At Fred Kunda's house it was asked, "Is Julius here?" Fred answered, "No; he's down at the old man's." But in passing the house, Julius was seen through a window. The brothers were both arrested.

Proceeding to the old man's, on his mantel shelf was found a torn newspaper. To the rent in it was applied the piece of gun wad, which fitted precisely. On reading the smoldered matter now brought together, to further test the connection proper, it proved complete. The interpreter read a broken line: "And he raised his gun to his face and shot him dead." Most singular coincidence, though but part of a story in a paper.

All the family were brought to town, and on Wednesday, the 29th, after a court of examination, Julius and Albert Kunda were committed to prison, and the old man and Fred Kunda held to bail in the sum of \$3,000 each.

A Man Who Wasn't Elated Over Becoming a Millionaire.

An uncle of Michael Hogan, of West Troy, N. Y., died recently in Pennsylvania, leaving coo lands valued at \$5,000,000 to a portion of which Michael is heir. Forty years ago Michael Hogan, then twenty-one years of age and an uncle, the only survivors of a numerous family, came to this country, and adopted it as their own. Michael, a hard-working, industrious young man, finally took up his residence in West Troy. The uncle went to Pottsville, Penn., or that vicinity, and after laboring a number of years, purchased with his earnings a large tract of land. Michael also saved money, and in the course of time laid by enough to start himself in the grocery business, in which it can be truthfully said he prospered. The venture of his uncle turned out to be a most profitable one. The lands purchased by him were found to contain abundance of coal, and by judicious management he gradually increased his earthly store until at the time of his death, which occurred a few days ago, he was worth \$6,000,000. Last week Michael received information from an attorney that his uncle with whom he had not communicated for sixteen years, had died, and that he was his only surviving heir. Michael was not at all elated at this announcement, and appeared rather sorry in fact that such a good fortune had come to him. He was getting old, he said, and would not want so much money, besides he had enough for himself, wife and daughter, and the possession of the immense amount mentioned above would only bring trouble and disgrace upon his family eventually, as young people nowadays did not know how to spend money. As we have stated, Michael is a sober, industrious man, and is in every way worthy of his fortune, which he intends to claim next week. If he is so sorry about this fortune he can turn it over to us, and we'll cheerfully bear the burden for him.—*Troy Times.*

A Good Witness and a Good Point.

Senator Schurz, in his splendid speech on Louisiana, a few days ago, said: "I shall be the last man on earth to say a word of excuse for Southern ruffians who threaten a negro voter with violence. I know no language too severe to condemn; but I cannot forget that the only act of terrorism and intimidation I ever happened to witness with my own eyes was the cruel clubbing and stoning of a colored man in North Carolina, in 1872, by men of his own race, because he had declared for the Conservatives; and if the whole story of the South were told, it would be discovered that such a practice has not been unfrequent. I cannot forget that as to the discharge of laborers from employment for political cause, a most seductive and demoralizing example is set by the highest authority in the land. While we have laws on our statute book imposing a penalty for the intimidation of voters by threatened or actual discharge from employment, it is the notorious practice of your Government to discharge every one of its employees who dares to oppose the administration party."

The testimony of Senator Schurz as to the North Carolina incident, says the *Mobile Register*, cannot be placed by Senator Morlan at the door of lying Southern newspapers and lying telegraph agents. He saw it with his own eyes, just as we all have seen similar outrages all over the South. It was only a few days ago that a colored statesman of Vicksburg informed the Congressional Committee that some negro who voted the Democratic ticket should have his head chopped off.

Political.

Will Nothing Make Them Pause?

The New York Times, for ability, character and influence, is the principal newspaper which represents and advocates the principles and policy of the Republican party in this country, and here is what it says of the present condition of affairs in Louisiana:

"Such a dispatch as that which Gen. Sheridan sent to the Secretary of War is not warranted by any facts known to the public—could scarcely be warranted under any conceivable circumstances. We have never published such a document before, and we must say that nothing like it has ever been seen in a country under a constitutional government. It almost induces one to believe that we have gone back two or three hundred years in the theory and practice of government. Cromwell did, indeed, serve Ireland pretty much as Gen. Sheridan proposes to treat Louisiana; but most of us were under the impression that that system of government had been definitely abandoned. We are at a loss to make out what are General Sheridan's ideas of the Constitution under which he lives, or of the functions of Congress, or of the powers of the Executive, to say nothing of the powers which may be rightfully exercised by a lieutenant general in the army. He first of all suggests that Congress should pass a bill declaring a certain class of the people of Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi 'banditti.' How many he would include in this class does not appear, nor does he explain since what date in our history it has been usual for officers in the army to presume to dictate to Congress as to the legislation it should adopt. But a moment afterward a still better idea strikes him, and he says: 'It is possible that if the President would issue a proclamation declaring them banditti, no further action need be taken except that which would devote upon me.' If this means any thing, it means that Gen. Sheridan would forthwith proceed to hang or shoot as many persons

as he chose to bring under his description of 'banditti.' We have then a plain proposal that the President shall 'declare' an indefinite number of citizens 'banditti,' and that Gen. Sheridan should then deal with them without benefit of judge or jury. This would certainly be resolving government into its primitive elements; but there is a shorter cut still which Gen. Sheridan might have recommended. It is for the President to declare the Constitution and all its amendments annulled, shut up Congress, put down all the newspapers, and then proclaim himself Dictator, with Gen. Sheridan as his sole minister and chief executioner. If Gen. Sheridan had followed this course at once, he would scarcely have shown a greater ignorance or disregard of law than he has done in his most extraordinary, and we must add, disgraceful dispatch of Jan. 5."

Grant's Lame Apology.

The only defense that the President offers for this daring and high-handed invasion of the privileges of the Legislature of Louisiana, which are in truth the rights of the people of that State and of the whole United States, is that the army is not composed of lawyers capable of judging at a moment's notice of just how far they could go in the maintenance of law and order. We suppose not; but we suppose the army to be commanded by men sufficiently instructed in their own duty, their country's laws and the rudiments of civil liberty, to know that if they were ordered to-morrow to disperse at the point of the bayonet either House of Congress, obedience to their military superior would be treason to their country. If every fact relied upon by the President were true, it would constitute no justification of the part played by the soldiers of the United States in the organization of the Louisiana Legislature.

The tale of "outrages" recited in the message proves nothing beyond the utter failure of the Radical Administration in that State, and the impotency of the Government which Judge Durell set up, and the President has kept in place.

The tone of this part of the message does not rise above the level of a campaign document, or a prosecuting attorney's special plea.

It is the brief of an advocate whose business is to make out a case, not a judicial summing up of a magistrate charged with the impartial enforcement of the laws. The most characteristic part of the message is that in which the President refers to the disregard of his former recommendations by Congress, and seeks to shift upon the shoulders of that body the responsibility of whatever has occurred. Congress may be, and doubtless is, greatly to blame for the present condition of Louisiana, but the failure of Congress to do its duty cannot excuse the President for a palpable violation of his, and of the Constitution he has sworn to obey, protect and defend.—*Balt. Sun.*

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The other point made by Mr. Schurz is also well put. The Radicals invariably discharge from employment men who will not vote with them. We have seen policemen discharged in Mobile for voting the Democratic ticket.

What They Go For.

The full Committee spent four or five days trying to force Messrs. Phelps, Foster and Potter to take back their report on the Louisiana affairs

THE SALEM PLOW will not choke. Manufactured by the Salem Agricultural Works, Salem, N. C.

For Labor Saving Machinery go to the Salem Agricultural Works, Salem, N. C.

100,000 lbs. Old Casting Wanted! At the Salem Agricultural Works, Salem, N. C.

Humorous.

Two boys were standing before a cigar store, when one asked the other:
"Have you got three cents?"
"Yes."
"Well, I have got two cents; give me your three cents and I will buy a five cent cigar."
"All right," says No. 2, handing out his money.
No. 1 enters the store, procures the cigar, lights it and puffs with a good deal of satisfaction.
"Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2. "I furnished more than half the money."
"But then I'm the president, and you, being only a stockholder, you can spit."

A young fellow, whose better half had just presented him with a bouncing pair of twins, attended church on Sunday. During the discourse the clergyman looked directly at the innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence,—"Young man you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The newly fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming: "Yes, I have two of 'em."

A man was seen coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, and his nose spread all over his face like a piece of raw beef, and one of his ears clawed off. To a policeman who interviewed him, he replied: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week; an' I went in ter see the man who writ it. He war thar, stranger."

Judge Mackey paid this glowing tribute to the State "melish" in his argument before the board in behalf of their officers elect:

"Now rings the country round with loud alarms,
And swarms in the rude militia raw in arms;
Months without hands, maintained at vast expense;
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;
Stout once a month, they march a blustering band.
And ever—but in time of need—at hand."

NEAT AND SENTIMENTAL.—A gentleman who thinks it high time that the little "Johnny" poetry should give place to something neater and more fully charged with sentiment, sends *Harper's Monthly* the following as largely combining both:

Oh, busy Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his little bed,
His brother Arcemus can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.

Girls should be warned of the danger they run in marrying railroad brakemen. On enthusiastic member of that fraternity, on being awakened the other night from a dream of an impending crash by a train, found himself sitting up in bed, holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted her head off in his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

Two dutchmen lived very close together, and they had been fast friends, but they fell out, and hated each other like poison. One of them got sick, and sent for his neighbor, and said: "Hans, I am going to die; will you forgive me?" "If you die I will," "but if you get well the old debt will stand good."

A man, praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that, though taken in large quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When? I should be glad to know," said the eulogist. "Why, no longer than last night—against a wall."

A Missourian who attended prayer-meeting with his daughter felt compelled to rise up and remark: "I want ter be good an' goner Heaven, but if them fellers don't stop winking at Mary Jane there'll be a good deal of prancing around here the fast thing they know!"

To dun, to press for money due, comes from Joe Dunn, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, in England, during the reign of Henry VII. He was so generally successful in collecting money that when a man refused to pay, the creditor was asked why he didn't Dunn him.

Conversation at breakfast table—Smith: "Ain't John late in bringing the mail this morning?" Jones: "I guess there is something on the postal cards that he don't understand. He's probably reading them over twice."

An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered that she cared little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.

An advocate of corporal punishment for children said: "The child when once started in a course of evil conduct is like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes a switch to get it off."

A gentleman, on presenting a lace collar to his adored one, said, carefully: "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No dear," she replied, "I'll take it off."

One reason why Wisconsin hired girls get four dollars per week, is because they go to down stairs at midnight to investigate strange noises, while the man of the house takes up a position under the bed.

When they tried to force Miss Gray, of Independence, Missouri, into a marriage against her will, she kicked the minister's hat off, knocked the young man down, and rode off on a mule, with one foot on each side of him.

"Look 'ere now, Salusha," yelled a Clay county Missouri, woman to the oldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur. You'll fall in there some of these days, and then we'll have to carry water."

When a Chicago man can't lie on his back and go to sleep without dreaming of his mother-in-law, it is considered a sufficient ground for divorce.

"Oh! ma." There's an angel with wings.
"Pshaw! that's only a Louisville girl with her ears spread."

It has been noticed that nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a new set of teeth.

PUMP

Making and Repairing.

THE undersigned is prepared to make NEW PUMPS, and do GENERAL REPAIRING, such as putting in NEW STOCKS, PLENOBLES, VALVES, &c., at short notice, and upon the most reasonable terms. Orders respectfully solicited.
Agent for the well known "Cucumber Pump."
J. T. PHILLIPS,
Salem, Forstth Co. Sept. 3, 1874. 30-4f

REMEMBER

THAT A MAN CAN

SAVE THE AMOUNT OF HIS TAXES

EVERY YEAR BY BUYING HIS GOODS OF THE RIGHT HOUSES AT RIGHT PRICES.

PATTERSON & CO.,

Are demonstrating daily the beneficial effects to their customers of buying Goods FOR CASH ONLY, from leading Manufacturers and Jobbers at the North and offering them for sale

ONLY FOR CASH OR BARTER.

In this way we are enabled to get the benefit of the lowest prices in our purchases, and as we get our pay in hand—ready money or produce—we are content to work for short profits. This prevents, too, any distinction being made between customers—the money of the poor man being just as good as the money of the rich man.

We have never had so fine and full a stock of goods as we are now offering for sale—and prices have never been so low since the war. We keep constantly on hand (by replenishing as fast we sell) very complete assortments of HARDWARE, for mechanics and farmers. HARDWARE, for saddlers and coachmakers. Iron, Steel and Nails. Groceries of all kinds. Drugs, Paints and Dye Stuffs. Leather, Salt, Grindstones, Provisions, Woodware, Rope, Crockery and Glassware. Umbrellas, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Trunks, Bed and Travelling Blankets, Table Covers. Men's, Boys', Women's and Children's Shoes, made to our order and warranted to be the best. Men's and Boy's Boots, Hats and Caps in great variety. Fancy articles in great variety. Buggy and Wagon Whips, Musical Instruments.

DRY GOODS of all kinds, Both Woolen & Cotton,

Including a full line of FRIES' GOODS.

A large assortment of NOTIONS,

SHAWLS of all patterns and prices,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS in elegant styles,

Unsurpassed by any house in this section of the State in quality, beauty of texture, and cheapness in price.

This is only a general summary of our stock. Many desirable articles are not mentioned for want of space. Prices of most goods are reduced, and we intend to keep as low as the lowest. We do not expect to make a fortune at selling goods, but we hope for a decent living, by building up an establishment where, at all times, "The best goods can be bought for the least money."

We invite a visit from all persons wishing to invest their surplus cash to the best advantage.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 4th, 1874.

45-tf.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

And the way to preserve and maintain that economy is to know WHEN AND WHERE to make judicious outlays in the selection and purchase of Goods.

WE PROPOSE TO GIVE THE FOLLOWING ADVICE GRATUITOUS, OR FREE GRATIS AND FOR NOTHING.

It Has Become a Well Established Fact that by Going to

R. A. WOMMACK & CO'S

to buy your Goods, you can and will save money; and MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE!

WE have now the LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF GOODS in this section of country, which have been carefully selected, and will be sold at

Startlingly Low Prices!

We have a large stock of PRINTS of all sorts and prices, Brown and Bleached SHEETS, FLANNELS of all kinds, grades and colors, White and Black ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, LINSEYS, a large lot of SHAWLS, of all sizes, colors and prices, &c., &c. Also

MEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR OF ALL KINDS.

Hats and Caps in Great Variety.

Notions without end.---Collars, Shirts, Soap, Suspenders, Hoops, Hosiery and Gloves, Thread, Pins, Needles, Brushes, Buttons, Tapes, Paper, Envelopes, Memorandum Books, Table Oil Cloths, Umbrellas.

FRIES' JEANS of all Grades, also their Yarns and Sheet- ing and Cotton Batting at Factory prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

a splendid assortment for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and Children.

Paints, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Patent Medicines, Powder, Lead, Shot, single and double-barrelled Guns, &c., &c. The largest stock of

Crockery and Glass Ware

ever brought to this country by one firm. Also a full line of KEROSENE OIL, LAMPS, BURNERS and WICKS.

Sole Leather, and Strupe & Son's Upper Leather.

COFFEE, WHITE AND BROWN SUGARS, TEA, CHOCOLATE, MOLASSES, COAL OIL, MACHINE OIL, &c., &c.

We are not in the habit of doing any tall blowing, but when we have any very important matter to communicate we would be derelict in our duty to the public and ourselves in withholding the same, and therefore we have to proclaim that in

HARDWARE WE CAN'T BE BEAT.

We know whereof we speak, and we mean what we say.

CARPENTERS can with us find the best and cheapest assortment of all kinds of tools they need: Planes of all kinds, Hammers, Hatchets, Hand and Tension Saws, Drawing Knives, Braces and Bitts, Augers, Gimblets, Compasses, Levels, Tape Measures, Squares, Files, Screw Drivers, Plane, Saw and Auger Handles, &c., &c., and

BUILDERS can be furnished with all sorts of BUILDING HARDWARE, Nails, Glass, Locks, Latches, Hinges, Pulleys, Screws, Bolts, Paints, &c., at prices that defy competition. and FARMERS with Axes, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Hoes, Horse and Mule Shoes, Seythes, Traces, Collars, Hames, Ploughs and Plough Points, Tire Iron, &c., Coffee Mills, Sausage Grinders, Steelyards, Spring Balances, Steel Traps, Mouse and Rat Traps, Fire Dogs, Shovels and Tongs, Sad Irons, Ovens, Spicers, Extra Lids, Wood Saws, Curly Combs, Lanterns, Chairs, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets.

CARRIAGE MAKERS with Spokes, Felloes, Rims, Shafts, Whiffle Trees, Turned Sticks, Oil Cloth, &c.

We will barter for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, such as FRUIT, CORN, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, FLOUR, PLANK, RAGS, FEATHERS, BEESWAX, BACON, LARD, BUTTER, TALLOW, &c., &c.

We likewise deem this an appropriate time and place to express our gratitude to our many friends and customers who have favored us with their patronage. They have evinced their sound judgment and discretion in coming to us for good bargains, and we hope they always went away satisfied and well pleased and will come again and often, and we promise our best endeavors to please them and deserve their patronage.

Respectfully,

R. A. WOMMACK & CO.

Salem, N. C., November 3, 1874.

POND'S EXTRACT CURES

Neuralgia, Piles, Headache, Diarrhea, Boils, Soreness, Lameness, Burns, Sprains, Toothache, Scalds, Wounds, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Bruises, Rheumatism, Hemorrhages, ETC.

POND'S EXTRACT CURED BY

NURSERY AGENCY.

Very Choice Trees and Plants.

HAVING TAKEN THE AGENCY FOR Mr. G. H. Bell's extensive "Butterwood Nursery," located at Littleton, in this State, I am now prepared to fill orders for TREES and PLANTS of the choicest and most desirable varieties, and on the most satisfactory terms.

I would call special attention to the new and very early varieties of PEACHES—The BEATRICE, LOUISE and RIVERS—all ripening ahead of Hale. These have now been thoroughly tested in this country, and have obtained the commendation of all who have seen them.

Mr. Bell's commenced packing his Beatrice, last year, (from 5,000 trees) on the 5th of June, shipped them to New York, where they all arrived in PERFECT ORDER, and sold for \$6 to \$8 per bushel crate. Here they will ripen from the 12th to the 20th of June.

Prices of Beatrice, Louise and Rivers \$4 per doz. and \$20 per 100. Other varieties, as per Catalogue. I would also direct attention to the NEWMAN SEEDLING STRAWBERRY of Southern origin, well known and very highly esteemed for a number of years, but until recently, closely held in private hands.

This berry is large, of finer flavor than Wilson's and two weeks earlier, ripening in bearing for nearly three months, and is perfectly adapted to our soil and climate. It is a remarkably firm and solid berry.

Prices of Plants—50 cents per doz; \$3.50 per 100; \$20 per 1000. A large stock of PURE WILSON'S ALBANY on hand. Plants very fine. Send for Catalogue.

E. W. LINEBACK.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 5, 1874.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY GOODS.

Unusual Attractions

—AT—

MRS. DOUTHIT'S

Millinery Store.

HAVING OPENED A NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of Goods in my line, I offer them at such prices as bring them within the means of all to purchase the LATEST STYLES of

New Fall and Winter HATS AND BONNETS,

Sashes and Ribbons,

FRENCH AND AMERICAN FLOWERS, LACES AND EDGINGS, RUFFS AND RUFFLING. A large assortment of

LADIES' TIES, LINEN AND LACE COLLARS, KID & BELIN GLOVES, BRAIDS & SWITCHES, HOSIERY AND CORSETS.

Perfumeries and Extracts and many other articles in my line.

Mrs. Douthit thanks for the very liberal encouragement received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public in future.

Call at the Store, one door above W. T. Vogler's Jewelry establishment.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 8, 1874. 41-tf

FANCY GOODS & TOYS.

THE finest assortment of FANCY GOODS and TOYS in town at

F. W. Meller's Bazaar,

now on hand and still more coming, such as CHINA, GLASS, PARIAN, MARBLE, &c., &c.

as well as a good assortment of DOLLS, COMMON TOYS, &c., for the little folks.

Also all kinds of CONFECTIONERY such as CANDIES, CAKES, ORANGES, LEMONADE, BANANAS, FIGS, RAISINS, DATES, CURRANTS, CITRUS, and

all kinds of FRESH NUTS.

Thankful for the patronage bestowed by a generous public, I hope, by a close attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

Remember, our establishment is headquarters for FANCY GOODS, TOYS and CONFECTIONS.

F. W. MELLER.

Salem, N. C., Dec. 3, 1874.

FISK'S PATENT

METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

For Ordinary Interments, Depositing in Vaults and Transportation they have no rival.

THEY ARE MADE OF THE MOST IMPERISHABLE MATERIALS.

AND ARE ENAMELLED INSIDE AND OUT TO PREVENT RUST, AND THE EXTERIOR HAS A FINE

ROSEWOOD FINISH

When properly cemented, the remains of the deceased are free from intrusion of water or degradation of vermin, and may without offensive odor be kept as long as desired, thus obviating the necessity of hasty burials.

Their long and successful use, and the approbation given them renders unnecessary any extended notice of their valuable advantages.

W. M. RAYMOND MFG. COMPANY, PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

FOR SALE BY

PATTERSON & CO,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Largest Stock kept in the County.

SALEM, N. C.

Feb. 12, 1874-75.

THOS. R PURNELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Will attend to business in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of the State.

AHEAD OF ALL

COMPETITION!

M. H. LANGFELD,

WINSTON, N. C.,

WOULD respectfully return to his numerous customers grateful thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him in the past, and announces that his Stock is now full and complete in all kinds of

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS,

COMPRISING VERY FULL ASSORTMENTS OF

General Merchandise,

BEING

THE BEST,

THE LARGEST,

THE MOST VARIED,

And the CHEAPEST STOCK OF GOODS ever brought to this market.

DRY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,

GENT'S GOODS,

Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,

and ANYTHING ELSE WANTED, to which we invite the attention of all.

My facilities for Jobbing are unsurpassed, and I invite

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

To call and inspect my stock and prices. Dec. 10.

R. H. BATTLE, Jr., President. C. B. ROOT, Vice President.

SEATON GALES, Secretary. FULASKI COWPER, Supervisor

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF

INSURABLE PROPERTY,

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. Encourage Home Institutions.

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.

J. A. LINEBACK, Agent, at Salem, N. C.

NEW SHOE STORE.

S. H. & S. A. C. EVERETT.

Corner of Main and New Shallowford Street.

SALEM, N. C.

WE have just received a large and well selected stock of

which we propose to sell very low for CASH. Our stock consists of a splendid assortment of

LADIES', MISSES', CHILDREN'S and INFANTS' GLOVE, FRENCH, CURACOA, KID and SERG

LACED, BUTTON and CONGRESS BOOTS of latest styles and most elaborate finish

These we have of every variety and quality to suit the fancy and purse of it

customers.

We would especially invite the attention of the young gentlemen to our stock of handmade

goods—BOOTS, CONGRESS GAITERS, ALEXIS TIES, PRINCE ALBERTS, PRINCE ARTHURS, &c. These we have made to order and of different widths, so that no one need think that they cannot get a fit at the New Shoe Store.

Our common grades of shoes are adapted to the wants of all classes of laboring men. Heavy Brogans, Double and Single Sole, Plough-hoes, Alabama Ties, &c., &c.

We cannot enumerate all that we have, but beg that you will all come and examine our stock whether with a view to purchasing or not.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

A NEW LOT OF

INITIAL PAPER

AT THE BOOK STORE.

Ornamental Plants.

Cedar Cove Nurseries.

CRAFT & SAILOR, Proprietors,

RED PLAINS, Yadkin County, N. C.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS are offered to purchasers of FRUIT TREES, GRAPE VINES and STRAWBERRY and RASPBERRY PLANTS.

PRICE LIST now ready, with list of leading varieties. Send for it.

Address CRAFT & SAILOR, Red Plains, Yadkin Co., N. C.

30-4f.

FOR THE PEOPLE,

AT THE BOOKSTORE.

C. B. DENSON, Peshoro, N. C.

Nov. 12, 1874.